

a man after my heart

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Summary:

eddie has a wet dream about his crush

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Author's Note:

theyre freshman in college here! idk what major eddie would have but hes struggling. its real for me too eddie boy

ummm i love the idea of trans eddie but i hope this wasnt offensive to anyone whos trans. im sorry if it was please lmk!!! dont wanna hurt anyone

anyway the boys are in Love and maybe ill make a sequel. who knows. i just love my boys and want them to be happy :(

Eddie jumped when he heard the high-pitched whistle of the tea kettle. He laughed a little at his foolishness and slid off of his bed. He grabbed his favorite mug from where it was hidden behind prescription bottles and sugar packets, and reached for the box of chamomile tea off the top shelf. He hadn't really become a tea person until he started college and the stress of his classes had brought him clutching for his inhaler and a few Asprin pills more than once. The tea helped calm him down, and since then it had become a part of his daily routine.

He watched the steam rise from his mug as he poured boiling water over the tea bag. As he waited for it to steep, he found a half-empty bottle of honey pushed too far back into the pantry and stirred in a few teaspoons of it, just to sweeten the tea more. Soon, the water had turned dark amber, and he tossed the drenched tea bag into the trash. He poured some milk into the mug - he'd seen his roommate do this with their tea, and after trying it a few times, he'd come to love the taste - and stirred it with a spoon.

It was still steaming when he lifted the mug and took a small sip, but it didn't burn his tongue as much as he thought it would. He sighed, the weight on his shoulders almost immediately slipping from his shoulders, and took another long sip. Warmth spread through his chest and stomach, and soon the mug was empty, and the only

evidence left of the tea was a slight stain from the honey at the very bottom of the mug.

He rinsed out the mug and set it aside with the other dishes. It was his roommate's turn to do them, thankfully. He dry-swallowed his medication and headed back to his bedroom, now calm and ready to doze. His essays were finished and submitted, and his studying was long done, the remainder of his flash cards laying across the bedside table invitingly. Tonight, he guessed he would go without studying, and happily fell back onto the mattress.

He tugged the sheets over himself and closed his eyes.

"Isn't your friend coming by soon? I don't think we should be doing this-" he started, but words died in his throat when he felt the warmth of Stan's hand on his thigh. He squirmed and tried to close his legs, but Stan's grip on his thigh tightened, and he was forced to keep them open, despite himself. He wished they could have taken this to the bedroom where there was more privacy and he wasn't so exposed. He opened his mouth to say something, to mentioned how uncomfortable he was being out on the couch where anyone could walk in on them like this, but the feeling of his friend's hand on his thigh, slowly moving closer to the front of his boxers, was all too distracting.

"I'll be quick." he mumbled between pressing kisses to the side of Eddie's neck. His skin was flushed pink and starting to bruise slightly - something he knew that would get him in big trouble, but he was too focused on touching him to care. He slipped his hand under the fabric of Eddie's boxers and teasingly rubbed his fingers against his clit, which was already twitching under his touch. He laughed and moved his fingers faster, all while rocking his hips against his rear.

He moaned and slapped a hand over his mouth, but then he heard Stan groaning under his breath and felt his crotch pressed firmly against his tailbone. The feeling was overwhelming, especially the warmth spreading in his stomach and thighs. He moved his hips - anxiously at first but steadily moving them faster and with more confidence - and Stan pushed two fingers inside of him, quick and to the last knuckle.

He gently sucked on the exposed part of Eddie's neck and moved his fingers faster, easily curling them and pressing against spots that he knew would make him cry out. He wanted to tell Eddie to quiet down, but his breathy moans and the tight warmth around his fingers was too much, and all rational thought left him in that instant. He brought his hips roughly against Eddie's rear and gasped, feeling him tighten around his fingers even more, as if he liked that.

"Can we..." he pushed away Stan's fingers and sighed when the slipped out of him. He lifted himself, despite his shaking legs, and straddled Stan's lap. He quickly reached for his friend's pants, easily undoing the zipper and tugging then down to his knees, just enough for it to be comfortable. "Like this?" he asked, and his voice was noticeably high with anxiety.

"Yeah." he breathed. He suddenly felt a rush of uneasiness as he watched Eddie pulling at his boxers. They hadn't gone this far. It had always been rushed handjobs and blind touching through their clothes, but now Eddie was on top of him, his thighs rubbing against the couch as he lifted himself. He sucked in a shaky breath and placed one of his hands on his friend's hip, and the other fisted his cock, slowly positioning it to make this easier for them.

"You look nervous." he laughed quietly, and glanced down at Stan's lap as he lowered himself. He felt an uncomfortable amount of pressure and leaned on Stan, his hands quickly reaching to grab at his curls and tugging gently. "I didn't think-" he started, but the feeling of Stan filling him took his words from his throat, and all that came out was a pained gasp as his thighs brushed against the couch cushions.

"It goes away. I read about that somewhere, that if you just-" he didn't know what he was saying, but the overwhelming heat made him want to buck his hips, and talking was all he could do to keep himself still. He rubbed Eddie's clit with two of his fingers and almost jerked his hips forward when he felt him tightening down on him. He groaned and buried his face in the crook of Eddie's neck, and moved his fingers faster, already feeling him twitch and keen under them.

He pulled harder on Stan's curls and lifted himself again, and then brought his hips back down with a shaky gasp. It didn't hurt anymore, the pain now fading as the fingers on his clit moved faster and brought him closer to finishing. "Stop. I want to-" he swatted at his hand and held onto

Stan's shoulders as he rocked his hips, trying to find some kind of rhythm that made them both feel good. He was too nervous about being in such a position, and the feeling of Stan's lips on his neck made him move too fast, but the muffled groans coming from Stan told him that this was okay, that he was doing okay.

"You feel good." he blurted out. He slowly jerked his hips, but he was too afraid of hurting him to move any faster. It was all so new, and the warmth was all too overwhelming. He kept his forehead pressed against Eddie's shoulder as he brought their hips together, and moaned softly when he felt him tightening around him again. "I think I'm-" he gasped and squeezed his eyes shut, his blunt nails leaving crescent marks on Eddie's thighs.

"Stan," he gasped and brought his hips back down, much rougher this time as he felt warmth in the pit of his stomach. He moved his hand between his thighs and quickly rubbed circles around his clit, just as Stan had before. His thighs started to ache and tremble, and he grabbed at Stan's hair, his moans coming out airy and high-pitched. "Please, please. I'm-" he cried out as he came, and the feeling was even more overwhelming in this position. His fingers shakily moved over his clit as he rocked his hips and babbled Stan's name over and over.

He couldn't hold it anymore, and soon his hips started to almost move on their own, a rough pace being set by the overwhelming feeling of the tightness around his cock. "Eddie, I can't-" he cried, and then he came, and the tight warmth almost brought him to tears. He kept moving his hips and brought Eddie down with him as he rode it out, the feeling all too much for him.

He kept moving his hips until they ached too much and he couldn't anymore. He lifted himself off of Stan and sighed when he felt him slip out of him. "You've made a mess of me, Stan." he mumbled and pushed his hair out of his face, but he found himself smiling and leaning in to kiss him, despite himself.

"I'll clean you up." he laughed and pressed their lips together. He pushed Eddie's thighs apart and easily slipped two fingers into him, and then pulled them out and brought them to his lips. He stuck his tongue out and found that the taste wasn't that bad, and eagerly pushed his fingers into his mouth. He let them fall from his lips with a 'pop' and had Eddie lean

back. "Can I?" he asked as he pushed his thighs apart and leaned down.

He nodded, too embarrassed to say anything. He watched as Stan disappeared between his thighs and gasped when he felt the warmth of his tongue on his clit. He grabbed at Stan's curls and jerked his hips forward without thinking. "D-do I taste good?" he asked, his voice coming out high from the overwhelming feeling of Stan's tongue.

"You taste amazing," he moaned and moved Eddie's thighs further apart.

He gasped and nearly jumped out of bed. He shoved his hand down the front of his boxers and almost cried when he found them wet with his arousal. He rubbed at his eyes and glanced at the clock. It was 3:34 am. He had a test in the morning, no more than four hours from now. He slid out of bed and hurried toward his dresser, where he pulled out a fresh pair of boxers and tossed the other in his laundry basket.

It was just a dream, he told himself as he climbed back into bed. He pulled the covers over himself and turned onto his side, away from the annoying alarm clock and the reminder of his test.

His heart was racing in his chest, despite his reassurances to himself that it was a *dream*, and he almost reached for his inhaler.

"Fucking Stan," he mumbled into his pillow. "Messing with my heart. I doubt he even remembers me."

Author's Note:

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